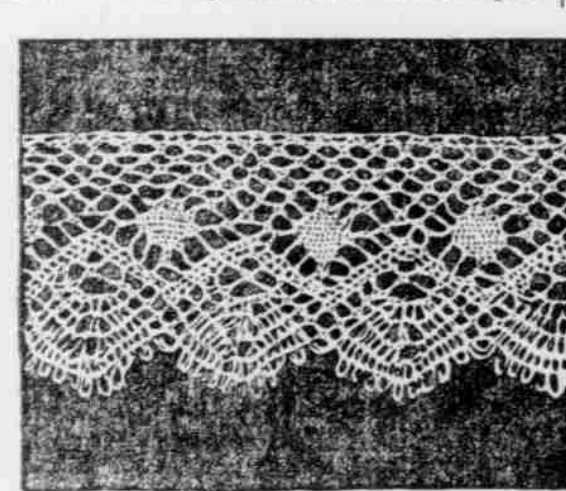


The Price of the Finest Laces May Be Reduced

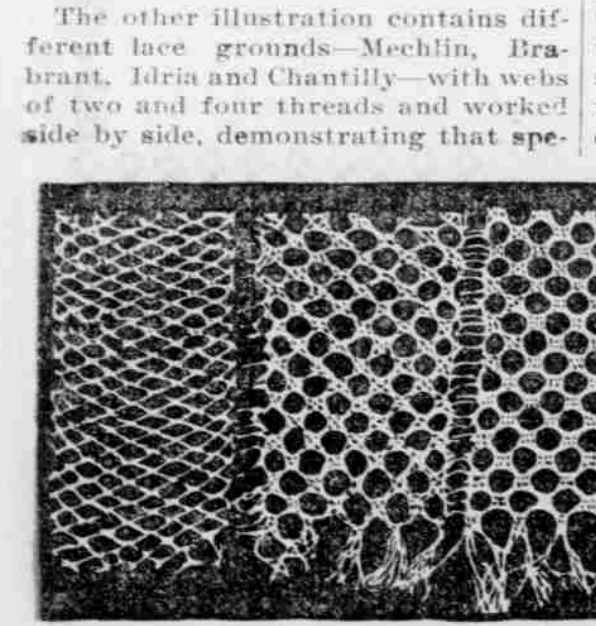
An Austrian Has Perfected an Ingenious Machine That Will Make This Possible.

CONSIDERABLE interest and speculation have been aroused in lace circles in England by the private exhibition of the first working model of a new lace machine, the invention of Herr A. Matitsch, of Vienna. The machine, which in general appearance, capacity and economy of product resembles the Levers apparatus, will, it is claimed, produce real lace, or lace so closely resembling hand made products of the same patterns as to be hardly distinguishable by experts. Patents have been secured in the United States, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Germany, England, France, Italy, Mexico, Norway, Austria, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain and Hungary. In Russia the patent is reported, but not yet confirmed, and supplementary patents covering improvements invented as the practical building and operation of the present machine progressed have also been taken out or applied for, as above.



FAN-TORCHON LACE.

ates about 100 machines. From machine engineer he became technical director and, later on, partner, superintending the building of new machines. As the firm also handled hand made laces, he became practically familiar with all branches of the trade and conceived the idea of devising a machine which would produce a cheap but "real" torchon lace, suitable for washable trimmings. In 1882, he had a model constructed which produced a torchon lace, but it was a technical, rather than a practical success. He continued the development of the idea, and, retiring from the firm in 1893, devoted his whole time to the subject. Going to Nottingham, after completing a model in Vienna, he, after some effort, made arrangements with an experienced manufacturer to construct the machine. Herr Matitsch then returned to Austria and began the training of three textile designers, in order to have proper jacquards ready upon completion of the apparatus. In June, 1899, this was roughly capable of working; the designers were taken to Nottingham and three years of patient development followed. Our illustration shows what is called a fan torchon (Fächer torchon), a lace which can only be made with retrograde threads running upward on the goods, which up to now has not been produced by any machine.



DIFFERENT LACES PRODUCED SIMULTANEOUSLY.

cial machines are not necessary to produce different laces, but that they can be simultaneously produced upon this machine by the use of the proper jacquard cards.

All other machines for producing the equivalent of hand made lace, including the Birkin machine of England, are, it is claimed, in construction and scope similar to the original French machine of Mather. When the model of the Matitsch machine was produced in Vienna, an exhaustive report upon it was made by Prof. Max Kraft, professor of mechanics at the technical high school of Cratz, Austria, to the German patent tribunal.

Within the past few days, or since the sample production of lace upon the Matitsch machine began, considerable attention has been paid to the matter by the Austrian, London and Nottingham press, but comment has been largely speculative, one paper, the News, stating:

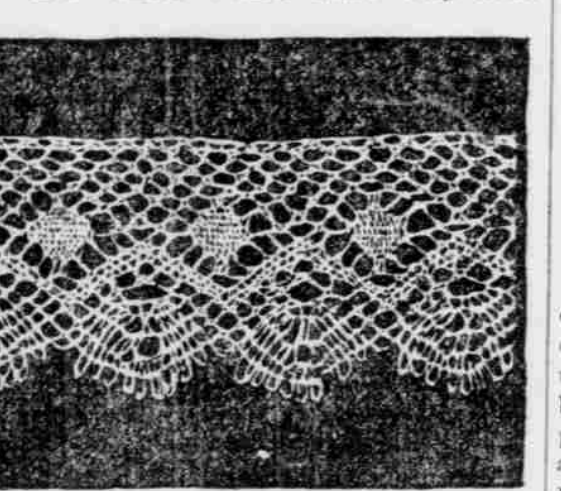
"Those in the trade in Nottingham who have heard of the invention regard the matter with entire equanimity, though, as one manufacturer wisely remarked: 'You never know. I remember when the embroidery machine was pooh-poohed by everybody. And I have seen simple inventions in the lace trade make the fortunes of the people who grasped the possibilities. I shall withhold my judgment until I see the machine at work.'"

The Express said recently: "The Austrian government, it is said, is keenly interested. The machine is said by those who are in a position to know something about it to be a most wonderful affair—a monument of mechanical skill and ingenuity. If successful, it would sound the deathknell of hand made lace, but, let us hope, with compen-

sating advantages. So far as the Levers lace trade is concerned, the machine will not be in the slightest degree a competitor."

The same paper, speaking of the interest aroused by the machine, quoted this comment: "There is really nothing new in it at all," was the first remark of a leading builder of lace machines in Nottingham, when waited upon to gain such information as was possible about the machine invented by Herr August Matitsch. This gentleman said he had people frequently coming and showing him specifications of machines to produce something near hand made lace, and they most of them looked surprised and shocked when he told them it was not wanted, as there was no market for it."

From another machine builder, an authority equally authentic, we learn that there is nothing new about the machine—that is to say, it has been exploited freely in Nottingham. If the machine was what he believed it to be, it would turn out lace very much superior to Nottingham goods—lace which would come very near



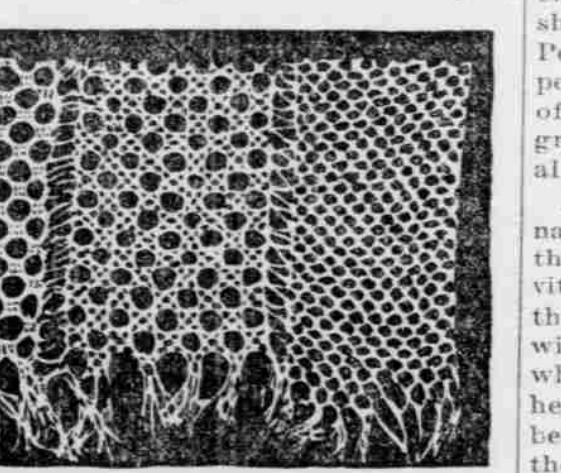
the real article. Prices would approach those of real lace, and therefore the Matitsch machine would compete with that rather than with the commoner lace which Nottingham made. Asked who would be principally affected by the new patent if adopted, he replied, the French makers, except those at Calais. English manufacturers would not be practically touched at all; but Matitsch's machine on paper and working were two different things, and he could not see where the market for it would be.

The Vienna Neue Freie Presse characterizes the invention as "epoch making in the lace industry"—and so comment runs. Nottingham lace and machine manufacturers are proverbially conservative. Just now, Levers lace manufacturers are busier than for ten years past, and are unable to meet demands. The natural skepticism with which all new inventions are treated, coupled with the great demand for Levers lace, does not furnish much encouragement for an invention which, if practically successful, must eventually have a great effect upon the lace industry.

S. E. McFARLAND.

Matches Without Phosphorus.

In 1898, an international competition for a paste for matches not containing white sulphur was announced and a prize of 50,000 francs (\$9,650) was offered by the Belgian government to the inventor. The commission appointed to judge results has now declared that, after four years of careful experiment and analysis,



it has been found that none of the products so far submitted fill the required conditions, being defective in inflammability, igniting on all surfaces, or, in igniting, ejecting inflammable matter containing some poisonous substance. The sum already expended in the matter amounts to 8,178 francs (\$1,578.35). This covers cost of printing, correspondence with foreign countries, purchase of material, analysis and experiments.

G. W. ROOSEVELT.

A Touching Eulogy.

The following brief but touching eulogy was recently pronounced by a sergeant over the tomb of a soldier in the cemetery at La Haye: "Comrades, the deceased, a friend of us all, had a clean sheet. He looked after his boots which rarely required mending, and he always had some money to draw from his pay. Imitate his example, comrades."

It Would Seem So.

"The average husband is a queer creature," remarked Mrs. Wederly. "Why the observation?" asked Miss Willing. "Because," replied Mrs. W.—"he is interested in his wife's letters to the extent of opening and reading them, but never to the extent of mailing them."—Chicago Daily News.

Too Clever.

Mission Teacher.—Yes, Tommy: if your enemy smite you on the left cheek, you must turn to him the right cheek, also. Tommy.—Oh! I'm too clever a ducker to get it on either cheek, mum!—Puck.

The Better Way.

"I do wish mother'd put my pockets in upside down," Freddy said, "cause then things wouldn't fall out when I stand on my head."—Home Chat.

WIT AND WISDOM

The real proof of the pudding is the state of your stomach the morning after you have eaten it.—Judge.

"A touchy fellow." "I should think not. You can't get a dollar from him to save your life."—Detroit Free Press.

"A rich New Yorker is going to marry a girl because she is a fine golf player." "I wonder if he will like her as well as in the winter time?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I would spend the day doing burnt wood work," said an Atchison girl to a caller recently. The foolish girl didn't know he would admire her a great deal more had she been truthful, and told him that she spent the day in ironing with a wood fire.—Atchison Globe.

A Trait of the Sex.—"A man can't tell whether a girl means what she says," he remarked thoughtfully. "Of course not," she replied. "If he thinks he does, why she just naturally doesn't the moment she finds it out; and if he thinks she doesn't, why she does."—Chicago Post.

Chinese Repartee.—An English sailor was watching a Chinaman who was placing a dish of rice by a grave. "When do you expect your friend to come out and eat that?" the sailor asked. "Same time as your friend come out to smell flowers you fellow put," retorted Li.—Singapore Free Press.

Representative Williams of Mississippi has a new negro story: "Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the courtroom speaking to an old negro. "No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that. I've got a lawyer here who does the defending." "Then who are you?" "I see the gentleman what stole the chicken."—Baltimore News.

RIVULETS OF WINE.

Extraordinary Extravagance of Some of England's Early Kings at Their Coronations.

The Edwards have almost without exception displayed unwonted generosity towards their poorer subjects upon their installation. Edward I, being the founder of the custom of providing a public banquet on such an occasion. In this instance 50,000 poor were invited to partake of a hearty meal, which resulted in the consumption of 380 oxen, 900 pigs and sheep, 20,000 fowls and other viands, 2,000 cooks being employed to prepare the feast. But Edward had reckoned without the cost, and when the bill was presented to him he was compelled to resort to parliament for a special grant to cover expenses, says London Tit-Bits. Among the visitors to do him homage at the coronation ceremony was Alexander of Scotland, who, anxious to impress the people of London with his generosity, liberated 500 of the finest Highland horses in the streets, which anyone was allowed to catch and retain.

Several monarchs have caused the fountains to run with wine, which was the cause of a tragic incident at the coronation of the Conqueror. While the ceremony was in progress a proclamation was read in the city announcing that by the king's orders the water conduits would run with wine for one hour on the following day. Such cheering greeted this announcement that the Norman guards, believing the king had been invited, fell upon the masses, burnt the houses and slaughtered over a thousand people before the mistake was explained.

Richard II. ordered the conduits in the Cheape to run with wine for three hours on his coronation day, and a castle which then stood in the center of this historic street poured forth four kinds of wine from its towers all day. Henry IV. kept the Cheapside fountains running with red and white wine for 24 hours, but Mary provided the masses with an entertainment only as a means of showing her bounty. She paid one Peter, a Dutchman, £16 13s. 4d. to perform acrobatic feats on the dome of St. Paul's, to witness which so great a crowd assembled that several people were trampled to death.

A noteworthy fact about the coronation banquet of Edward II. was that, although 5,000 people were invited, the food was so badly cooked that half the visitors had to go away with their appetites unappeased, which so enraged the new king that he ordered the cooks to be brought before him and had 60 of them hung the same day.

Perhaps the most costly coronation feast was that provided by Henry III. in Tothill Fields. For eight days London was fed by the new monarch and wine was served out to rich and poor alike freely, for which purpose four regular meals every 24 hours, breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper—the latter being served in some cases as late as midnight.

Serve Four Meals.

Washington hotels are said to be the only ones in this country that serve four regular meals every 24 hours, breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper—the latter being served in some cases as late as midnight.

Didn't Want to Sit There.

The little three-year-old daughter of one of the leading ministers in Little Rock resents too great familiarity. A few evenings ago, though she seemed a little unwilling, a young man who was calling took her upon his lap, whereupon she said with great gravity: "I want to sit in my own lap."

Robbed His Friends.

She—Did you ever get the craze for making a collection of some particular thing? He—Oh, yes; I started once to make a collection of umbrellas, but there were so many strenuous objections that I had to give it up.—Yonkers Statesman.

Guarding Against Avalanches.

Avalanches are so common in Switzerland that devices are now being made to control them. The Swiss form earthworks or intrenchments which are pointed in such a fashion that avalanches coming in contact with them are split and so driven aside.

FALL OF VOLCANIC DUST.

An Immense Amount from the Soufriere Came Down on Barbadoes.

The Barbadoes Agricultural Reporter has sent to this office a specimen of the volcanic dust which fell on that island on May 7, 8 and 9, reports the New York Tribune. "Borne from St. Vincent," it says, "in the upper strata of the air, and there suspended, this stuff obscured the sunlight, and produced the phenomenon of darkness. In color and consistency it resembles Portland cement." It quotes the following description of the dust by W. G. Freeman, of the local department of agriculture: "From the calculated results of a series of observations made in Strathclyde on the fall of volcanic ash it would seem that, at a low estimate, about 12 ounces fell per square foot between the hours of five p. m. on Wednesday and five a. m. on Thursday. This, perhaps, may not appear a large amount; but look at it from another point of view. Thirteen ounces per square yard, or, to express it in familiar terms in an agricultural community, no less than 16.2 tons per acre.

Leaving for the while minor units, such as acres, we find that 10,240 tons of volcanic ash were rained onto every square mile of this island during the last 12 hours of darkness. Supposing the fall to have been approximately equal in depth over the whole island, the almost incredible amount of 1,699,840 tons of solid matter was added to the Barbadoes last night."

SAW A VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

Vesuvius in Action Described by Senator Proctor, Who Witnessed the Spectacle.

Senator Proctor, of Vermont, knows what it is to see a volcanic eruption.

It was tried last year in the army when it was issued to the men in one of two units in the morning in place of coffee, and this alteration was so much liked by the soldier, and gave such satisfactory hygienic results, it has been determined to give it a more

THIS COW SAT DOWN TO REST.



Perhaps the strangest pose in which a cow has ever been photographed was on the occasion pictured herewith. The cow actually "sat for her picture." She had been driven miles after being purchased, and the day was hot and trying to man and beast. Upon her arrival at her new home the animal was weary, and on being led up to the house for inspection, deliberately sat, or squatted, upon a board walk. In this unusual position she remained, seemingly satisfied with its comfort, and showing no inclination to lie down in a more natural position. The picture is from the New York Herald.

Twenty years ago he stood upon the side of Vesuvius while that mountain belched forth lava and smoke, says the Washington Post. "We had gone up part of the way in carriages," said Mr. Proctor, recently, relating his experience, "but when we came to the place where we were to take the cog railway, we found that there had been an accident, and the cars were not running. About dark the manager sent everybody away, with the statement that no ascent would be possible until the next day. Being compelled to leave Naples on the following day, and having letters to the manager, I persuaded him to let me have some guides and try to ascend the volcano on foot. He consented, and we started. We could not get close to the crater because the fire and lava were pouring forth, and even where we stood a shower of pumice was falling. We tried to get the guides to take an American coin and get an impression of it in the soft lava, but they would not do it. The stuff was too hot. I remember that it was midnight when we reached the highest accessible point on the summit; but the stream of red-hot lava made the locality as light as day."

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Hon. Reed Smoot, one of the prominent men of Utah, announced in a recent speech at Salt Lake City that he would be a candidate for United States senator, should the next legislature have a republican majority. He is a native of Salt Lake City, where he was born 40 years ago. He has lived since early youth in Provo, where he has extensive business interests, and is one of the apostles of the Mormon church. His candidacy will be vigorously opposed by the preachers of Utah, outside of the Church of Latter Day Saints, but he will have the support, so he says, of the regular "machine."

GATHERING OF GINSENG.

A Peculiar Product of Illinois and Indiana That Goes Mostly Abroad.

The ginseng crop, which is found in the rural districts along the Ohio river in Illinois, but principally in the state of Indiana, will soon be ripe, and already "sang" diggers are getting ready to harvest the crop, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat of recent date. Ginseng is one of the most peculiar crops of this country, having no local consumption, and going far from home before it finds a use.

Local agents buy the output and ship it to agents at San Francisco, who ship it to the root to China, where it has a wide use, being put to a variety of purposes. The larger roots are carved into idols and carried to keep off the evil spirits, which constantly hover over the Chinese; by many it is used as a medicine, which will cure any of the ills flesh is heir to, and others use it as a seasoning and flavor for foods.

In olden times the virgin forests of Illinois and Indiana overflowed with the root, and an experienced digger could make good wages. It is now difficult to find and it takes an eagle eye to discover the peculiarly formed leaves that indicate its presence. In the market to-day it is worth from \$3.50 to \$4 a pound.

SOUP FOR BREAKFAST.

A Novel Experiment to Be Tried on the Soldiers of the French Army.

Soup for breakfast may be the latest thing from France. It was tried last year in the army when it was issued to the men in one of two units in the morning in place of coffee, and this alteration was so much liked by the soldier, and gave such satisfactory hygienic results, it has been determined to give it a more

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extended trial. Accordingly, an order has been issued by the minister of war that until August 31 next a soup ration shall be issued to all ranks in the Sixth army corps, instead of coffee, every day excepting Saturdays and Sundays.

Early in September reports are to be sent in by the commanding officers of all units and by the medical officers, as to the results of this substitution of soup for coffee, and the commanding officer of the Sixth army corps is to forward them with his own remarks thereon to the minister of war, with a view to the alteration of the ration, or, if it should seem advisable, some modification thereof being adopted throughout the army.

Glasgow Old-Fogylsh.

"Glasgow is quite free from corruption, but there is considerable bosh about the ideal municipal government of the city," said a Glasgow man now touring this country, to an interviewer the other day. "The public improvements are far behind those of many cities in the United States. The electric lights are queer, old-fashioned things, and the city permitted the construction of overhead wires for the street railways. Commissions were sent to various cities to look into electric light systems and electric railway systems. I can't imagine where they went, for they brought back a lot of very old-fashioned ideas."

MRS. ARP'S BIRTHDAY

Bill's Wife Has Reached Three Score and Ten Years.

She Is Still Very Active—Arp's Birthday Comes in Two Weeks and He Thinks He Will Get a Nice Present.

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Birthdays are very common things in this sunbunny world. There are sixty millions of them every year and that means about one hundred and fifty thousand every day or six thousand every hour. Just think of it—every minute one hundred mortal souls come into this world—to live and die, for good or for evil—for happiness or for misery. As far back as we have any history, sacred or profane, kings and princes have celebrated their birthdays with feasts and wine and song and even the humble and the poor take note of their annual return. Pharaoh celebrated his in Joseph's day and it was on Herod's birthday that the daughter of Herodias danced before him and asked him for the head of John the Baptist.

I was ruminating about this because to-day is a notable birthday in my family. The maternal ancestor has at least reached his three score and ten—the allotted age of man and woman, and from now on every day she lives will be one of grace. David says that the days of our years are three score years and ten, but if by reason of strength they be four score years yet is their strength labor and sorrow. Poor old man, he did have a troubled life. He sinned and he repented in great anguish as he exclaimed: "My sin is ever before me." Solomon saith: "The day of one's death is better than the day of one's birth." And Job saith: "Curse is the night when I was born." Jeremiah's life was one of lamentation. The maxims and precepts of these old prophets and preachers are wonderfully beautiful and have never been equaled, but great men are not always wise, and even Solomon fell from grace and died accursed. The man who said: "Rejoice in the wife of thy youth and be thou always ravished with her love," forsook his own and consorted with a thousand others of all nations, creeds and colors. He reigned eighty years and died a disappointed, dishonored, degraded and miserable old man. But old age is not necessarily unhappy. The poet speaks of "An old age serene and bright, As lovely as a Lapland night," and another poet says: "The world is very lovely. Oh, my God, I thank Thee that I live." Our old age is very much what we choose to make it. It is a sad thing to be weary and tired with the weight of years. It is pitiful to look upon an old man who never smiles, who has outlived all social pleasures and whose company is neither sought nor desired. For the sake of our neighbors and friends it is our duty to be cheerful in their company. We should sometimes smile even if we have to force it. Let us grow old gracefully. I have now in mind just such an one—a hale, healthy old time gentleman of four score years, whose presence is always welcome and whose children, grandchildren and neighbors, and friends give him a glad greeting when he comes. He will be missed when he dies, for the world is better that he lives in it. His Christian faith, his moral conduct, his good example and his cheerful disposition are a benediction to the community.

But I was thinking about my wife's birthday. There are thirty-seven birthdays in our family, and she knows them all and never forgets them. They average about three a month, but this one of hers is a very notable one, for she is the maternal ancestor, and this day fulfills her years and crosses the line. Seventy years ago she was born, and not long after that the stars fell. Of course they did. Seventy is a number of sacred significance. There were seventy elders of Israel and seventy wise men compiled the Old Testament. The Jews were kept in captivity seventy years. The Lord sent out seventy of His disciples to preach and teach the people, and seventy years is the allotted age of mankind. But my wife is not old. Time has written no wrinkles on her brow nor furrows on her cheek nor silvered her raven hair. If the long war had not intervened she would not look more than fifty years now. But the wear and tear of the war and anxiety while fleeing from the foul invader, with six little hungry children tagging after her, made years of months and weeks of days. But women, especially mothers, can endure more distress and suffering than men. The maternal instinct keeps them up. They can suffer and be strong. It looks like the motherhood of ten children would wear a woman out, but they seem to thrive on it, and late in life they take on flesh and round up all the corners. But they never stop work. My wife has made over five thousand little garments and is still making them, for the little grandchildren keep coming on. Her reputation for nice needlework and making buttonholes has been long established, and she is proud of it. She never stops sewing until she loses her spectacles, and then she borrows mine. No, she is not old. James Russell Lowell said of Julia Ward Howe on her seventieth birthday that it was better to be seventy years young than forty years old. It is this endurance, this cheerfulness in adversity that makes the women outlive the men.

There are three times as many widows in this community as widowers. There are seventeen in our little Presbyterian church and only four widowers, and the war was not the cause of it. Maternal love is a preservative of health. It is a tonic, a promoter of digestion, a panacea, whereas a man will pursue money until he loses his digestion. St. Paul said that "The love of money is the root of all evil," but he had no thought of applying it to women, for she has no love for money. If she gets any she is not happy until she spends it. The girls said their mother wanted a new bonnet, so they bought one for her birthday, and all I had to do was to pay for it. She always lets me do that. She is a free trader and will keep me in decent clothes whether I want them or not. She always was a free trader. I was a merchant before we were married and she was my best

Turkish View of Life Insurance.

A Turk's definition of life insurance is remarkably good. One man was complaining that he had insured 30 years before in a mutual benefit company, which promised all sorts of things, and now the time was up he received less than he would have done if he had invested his money elsewhere. A wise Turk, who was sitting close by, said it reminded him of a camel belonging to friends of his. It was a weak intelligent brute, and the owner was convinced that it could be taught to talk. Presently a Hodja appeared, who said he was of the same opinion, and would teach it, but it would take a long time, probably 30 years. The owner was delighted, and agreed to pay the Hodja a fixed sum per annum and a big bonus when the animal talked, the Hodja promising to pay a heavy fine if it did not. A friend afterward went over to the Hodja and said: "What on earth induced you to make that agreement? You know you can never teach the camel to talk." "Oh," said the Hodja, "I know that, but during the 30 years either I shall die or the owner will, or the camel. Anyhow, I am all right, as I have my fixed income."—London Telegraph.

Insisted on His Rights.

Some parents will believe in the old adage that parents will rule the child. A paper tells of one of these class who strode into the schoolhouse and confronted the teacher after the scholars had been dismissed for the day. "I understand you whipped my boy this morning!" he began, angrily. "Yes, sir, I did," the terrified teacher responded, "but I did not whip him severely." "That's what I'm complaining about," rejoined the parent; "you didn't whip him half enough. Now, look here, I am one of the largest taxpayers in this district, and my boy is entitled to as good a whipping as you give any other boy. Understand that. If you whip him again you'll hear from me. Good afternoon, sir!"—Stray Stories.

customer. She never asked the price of anything, but just bought what she wanted and treated to me to tote fair and deal justly."

Good gracious! What a long time ago that was, and how trim and beautiful she was to me. She wore No. 2 shoes and stepped like a fawn and flashed her Pochontus eyes bewitchingly when she said goodby. She can flash them yet. Seventy years old and guine on seventy-one—trying to catch up. Maybe she will when I am dead, but not till then. I remember when I was twice as old as she was, for I was twelve and she was six, but she keeps coming on me. I remember when she was in her early teens and wore short dresses and pantalettes and rode a fast pacing horse while her long black Indian hair hung in tresses down her back. She was a daisy then and she is a daisy yet sometimes. But she can't climb 'em-moon trees any more. She is seventy—the mother of ten children and twenty grandchildren and they are scattered from New York to the hills of the Montezumas. She is troubled now about her baby boy, who lives under the dark shadows of Piquetteville, in Mexico, which means the smoking mountain and is smoking now, and maybe will burst forth in these volcanic times and destroy the people as at Martinique. Two weeks from to-day will be my birthday and she will give me something, I know—not a bonnet, but perhaps a summer hat from Porto Rico. A bird in the air whispered that to me. BILL ARP.

STREWN FROM THE CLOUDS.

Queer Showers That Have Astonished and Puzzled the People in Many Lands.

When the skies lower and the clouds threaten they do not always bring rain of the regulation kind. Indeed, there are many instances on record in which the downpour was of an entirely different kind. New York's recent shower of muddy rain is one of those phenomena which, though not common, occur at long intervals in all parts of the world, says an exchange of that city. Not long ago an Illinois farmer, there was a heavy fall of hailstones, brownish snow, and in Italy and some parts of Germany there was a downpour of red rain. It was found upon investigation that the brown snow of Timur was caused by the admixture of sand which had been blown from the desert of Sahara hundreds of miles away across the Mediterranean, and the red rain was not a deluge of blood, as the peasants thought, but was due to the presence of quantities of minute insects, which somehow had been drawn up into the heavens and let down again when the clouds fell as rain.

A singular phenomenon of this sort occurred in Venezuela some time ago when colored hailstones fell in the state of Zamora. There was first a heavy thunderstorm, with much rain, and then after awhile the hail came down in such abundance that hundreds of bushels of hailstones might have been gathered. Some of the hailstones weighed as much as two ounces, and were as smooth as the tropics hailstones are exceedingly rare in places situated in the lowlands. But this hailstone was remarkable on account of the color of the hailstones, some of which were whitish, while others were blue, green, rose color or red.

Schwedoff, who, in his memoir on the origin of hailstones, describes a fall of similarly colored hailstones which fell at Minsk, in Prussia, in the month of June, thinks that the colors are due to the presence of sick and salts of cobalt and that the phenomenon confirms his hypothesis of the cosmic origin of hail. There have been many well authenticated cases where after a heavy rain the ground has been found strewn with small fish which have dropped from the clouds, and even young frogs, scarcely out of their tadpole state, have been known to descend upon the wings of the storm. One theory is that all these foreign substances are carried up into the clouds by whirlwinds and another that the least body of them, such as minute insects, are caught up in the process of evaporation.

A Turk's definition of life insurance is remarkably good. One man was complaining that he had insured 30 years before in a mutual benefit company, which promised all sorts of things, and now the time was up he received less than he would have done if he had invested his money elsewhere. A wise Turk, who was sitting close by, said it reminded him of a camel belonging to friends of his. It was a weak intelligent brute, and the owner was convinced that it could be taught to talk. Presently a Hodja appeared, who said he was of the same opinion, and would teach it, but it would take a long time, probably 30 years. The owner was delighted, and agreed to pay the Hodja a fixed sum per annum and a big bonus when the animal talked, the Hodja promising to pay a heavy fine if it did not. A friend afterward went over to the Hodja and said: "What on earth induced you to make that agreement? You know you can never teach the camel to talk." "Oh," said the Hodja, "I know that, but during the 30 years either I shall die or the owner will, or the camel. Anyhow, I am all right, as I have my fixed income."—London Telegraph.

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